# Here after

## foloweth a litle booke cal-led Colyn Clout com-piled by maſter Skel-ton Poete Lau-reate.

¶Quis cõſurgat mecũ aduer ſus malignãtes? aut quis ſta-bit mecum aduerſus operan tes iniquitatem? Nemo dñe.

What can it auayle
To dryue forth a snaile
Or to make a sayle
Of an herynges tayle
To ryme or to rayle
To Write or to indyte
Eyther for delyte
Or els for to despite
Or bookes to compile
Of dyuers maner style
Vyce to reuyle
And synne to eryle
To teache or to preche
As reason Will reche
Say this and say that
His head is so fat
He Wotteth neuer What
Nor Wherof he speaketh
He cryeth and he creketh
He pryeth and he peketh
He chydes and he chatters
He prates and he patters
He clytters and he clatters

He medles and he ſmatters
He gloſes and he flatters
Or yf he ſpeake playn
Than he lacketh brayn
He is but a foole
Let him go to ſcoole
A three footed ſtoole
That he may downe ſyt
For he lacketh wyt
And yf that he hit
The nayle on the head
It ſtandeth in no ſtede
The Deuyll they ſay is dead
The Deuyll is dead.

It may well ſo bee
Or els they wolde lee
Other wyſe and flee
From worldly vanytie
And foule couetouſnelle
And other wrechednelle
Fyckell falſenelle
Varyablenelle

With vnstablenesse.

¶ And if ye stand in dout
Who brought thys ryme about
My name is Colyn Clout
I purpose to shake out
All my conning bagge
Lyke a clarkely hagge
For though my ryme be ragged
Tattered and iagged
Rudely rayne beaten
Rusty and mought eaten
If ye talke well there with
It hath in it some pyth
For as farre as I can see
It is wrong with eche degree
For the temporaltie
Accuseth the spiritualtie
The spirituall agayn
Dothe grudge and complayn
Upon the temporall men
Thus eche of other blother
The toue agaynst the tother

For sooth

Alas they make me shoder
For in hoder moder
The churche is put in saute
The prelates ben so haute
They say, and looke so hye
As though they wolde fly
Aboue the sterry sky

Lay men say in deed
How they take no heed
Theyr sely sheep to feed
But plucke away and pull
The fleces of theyr wull
Unethes they leue a locke
Of wull among their flocke
And as for their conning
A glommyng and a mummyng
And make therof a iape
They gaspe and they gape
All to haue promocion
There is their whole deuocion
With money, if it Wyll hap
To catche the forked cap

Forsoth

Forsooth they ar to lewd
To say so all be shrewd

What trow ye they say more
Of the bysshoppes lore
How in matters they be raw
They lumber forth the law
To herken Jacke and Gyll
Whan they put vp a byll
And iudge it as they wyll
For other mens skyll
Expounding out theyr clauses
And leaue theyr owne causes
In their principall cure
They make but lytle sure
And meddels very light
In the churches right
But Fre and venire
And sol fa, so a lamyre
That the premenyre
Is lyke to be set a fyre
In theyr iurisdictions
Through temporal afflictions

When

Men say they haue prescriptions
Agaynst ỹ spũall contradictions
Accomptyng them as fictions

And whyles the heads doo this
The remnaunt is a mys
Of the clergy all
Bothe great and small
I wot neuer how they warke
But thus the people carke
And surely thus they say
Byshoppes if they may
Small houses wold de keep
But slumbre forth and sleep
And assay to creep
Within the noble walles
Of the kynges halles
To fat theyr bodyes full
Theyr soules lame and dull
And haue full litle care
How euyll theyr shcep fare

The temporalytie say playn

How

How bysshoppes dysdayn
Sermons for to make
Or suche labour to take
And for to say trouth
A great parte is full slouth
But the greatest parte
Is for they haue but small arte
And ryght slender cunning
Within their heds wunnyng
But this reason they take
How they are able to make
With their golde and treasure
Clerkes out of measure
And yet that is a pleasure
How be it some there bee
Almost two or three
Of that dignitie
Full Worshipfull clerkes
As appereth by their Werkes
Lyke Aaron and Ure
The Wolfe from the dooze
To Wary and to keepe
From theyr goostly sheep

And

And theyr ſpirituall lammes
Sequeſtred from rammes
And from the berded Gotes
With their hery cotes
Set nought by golde ne grotes
Their names yf I durſt tell

But they ar loth to melt
And loth to hang the bell
About the cattes necke
For dred to haue a checke
Thei are fayne to play, deuz deck
How be it they are good men
Much harted lyke an Hen
Theyr leſſons forgotte they haue
That Becket them gaue
Thomas manū mittit ad foꝛcia
Spernit dãna ſpernit oppꝛobꝛia
Nulla Thomam frangit iniuria
But now euery ſpirituall father
Wen ſay they had rather
Spend moche of their ſhare
Than to be combred With care

Spende

Spende, nay but ſpare
For let ſee Who that dare
Shoo the mockyſſhe mare
They make her Winche and kicke
But it is not Worth a leeke
Boldneſſe is to ſeeke
The church for to defend
Take me as I intend
For lothe I am to offend
In this that I haue pend
I tell you as men ſay
Amend Whan ye may
For vſque ad montem ſare
Men ſay ye cannot appare
For ſome ſay ye hunt in parkes
And Hauke on hobby Larkes
And other wanton warkes
Whan the night darkes

what hath lay men doo
The gray goose for to ſhoo
Like houndes of hell
They cry and they yell

How

How that ye sell
The grace of the holy goste
Thus they make their boste
Through euery coste
How some of you do eat
In Lenton season flesshe meat
Fesauntes Partryche and cranes
Wen cal you therfore prophanes
ye picke no shrimpes nor pranes
Saltfisshe, Stockfisshe nor hering
It is not for your weryng
Nor in holy lenton season
ye wyl neither benes ne peason
But ye looke to be let loose
To a pygge or to a Goose
your gorge not endewed
Without a Capon stewed
Or a stewed Cocke
Under her surfled smocke
And her wanton Wodicocke

And how whan ye gyue orders
In your prouinciall borders

As

As at ficientes
Some are insufficientes
Some parum sapientes
Some nichil intelligentes
Some valde negligentes
Some nullum sensum habentes
But bestially and vntaught
But whan thei haue once caught
Dominus vobiscum by the hed
Than renne they in euery stede
God wot with dronken nolles
yet take they cure of soules
And woteth neuer what thei rede
Pater noster nor Crede
Construe not worth a whistle
Nether Gospell nor pystle
Theyr Mattyns madly sayd
Nothyng deuoutly prayd
Theyr lernyng is so small
Theyr primes and houres fall
And lepe out of theyr lyppes
Lyke sawdust or drye chippes
I speake not now of all

But

But the moste parte in generall
Of suche vacabundus
Speaketh totus Mundus
How some syng letabundus
At euery ale stake
With welcome hake and make
By the bread that god brake
I am sory for your sake
I speake not of the good Wife
But of theyr Apostles life
Cum ipsis vell illis
Qui manent in villis
Est vxor vel ancilla
Welcome Jacke and Gilla
My prety Petronylla
And you wylbe stylla
you shall haue your wylla
Of such Pater noster pekes
All the Worlde speakes

✠ In you the faute is supposed
For that they are not apposed
By iust examinacion

In

Inconning and conuersacion
They haue none instruction
To make a true construction
A preest without a letter
Without his vertue be greater
Doubtlesse were moche better
Upon him for to take
A Mattocke or a Rake
Alas for very shame
Some cannot declyne their name
Some cannot scarsly rede
And yet he wyll not drede
For to keep a cure
And in nothing is sure
This dominus vobiscum
As wyse as Tom a thrum
A chaplayne of trust
Layth al in the dust

Thus I Colyn Clout
As I go about
And wandring as I walke
I heare the people talke

When

When say for syluer and golde
Myters ar bought and solde
There shall no clergy appose
A myter nor a Crose
But a full purse
A straw for goddes curse
What are they the Wurse
For a symony ake
Is but a hermoniake
And no more ye make
Of Symony men say
But a childes play

Quer this the forsayd say
Reporte how the Pope may
A holy anker call
Out of the stony Wall
And hym a bysshop make
If he on hym dare take
To keep so hard a rule
To ryde vpon a mule
With golde all betrapped
In purple and paule belapped

Some

Some hatted and some capped
Rychely be wrapped
God wot to theyr great paynes
In Kotchettes of fine raynes
Whyte as morowes mylke
Their tabertes of fine sylke
their stryrops of myxt golde bega-
There may no coste be spared (red
Their Boyles Golde dothe eat
Theyr neyghbours dye for meat

What care they though Jill sweat
Or Jacke of the Noke
The poore people they yoke
With commons and citacions
And excommunycacyons
About churches and market
The bysshop on his carpet
At home full soft dothe syt
This is a fearfull fyt
To heare the people iangle
How warely they wrangle
Alas why doo ye not handle

And them all mangle
Full falſly on you they ly
And ſhamefully you aſcry
And ſay as vntruely
As the butter fly
A man might ſay in mocke
Ware the Wether Locke
Of the ſteeple of Poules
And thus they hurt their ſoules
In ſclaunderyng you for truthe
Alas it is great ruthe
Some ſay ye ſit in trones
Lyke princes aquilonis
And ſhrine your rotten bones
With peries and precious ſtones
But how the commons grones
And the people mones
For preeſtes and for lones
Lent and neuer payde
But from day to day delayde
The commune Welth decayde
Then ſay ye are tunge tayde
And therof ſpeake nothing

But

But dyſſymulynge and gloſyng
Wherfoze men be ſuppoſing
That ye giue ſhzewd couuſell
Agaynſt the commune Weill
By pollyng and ptillage
In Cities and village
By tapyng and tollage
ye make mõkz to haue ẏ culcrage
Foz couerying of an olde cottage
That committed is acollage
In the charter of dottage
Tenure parſeruice dc ſottage
And not parſeruice de ſocage
After olde ſegnyours
And ẏ learning of litleto tenours
ye haue ſo ouerthwarted
That good lawes ar ſubuerted
And good reaſon peruerted

Relygious men are fayne
Foz to turne agayne
In ſecula ſeculozum
And to fozſake their cozum

And vacabundare per forum
And take a fyne meritorum
Contra regulam morum
Aut blacke monacorum
Aut canonicorum
Aut Bernardinorum
Aut crucifixorum
And to fyng from place to place
Lyke apostataas
And the selfe same game
Begone and now with shame
Amongest the sely nunnes
My lady nowe she runnes
Dame Sybly our abbesse
Dame Dorothe and lady Besse
Dame Sare our pryoresse
Out of their cloyster and queere
With an heuy cheere
Must cast vp their blacke vayles
And set vp their fucke sayles
To catch winde w̄ their vētailes
What Colin there thou shailes
yet thus With yll hayles

The

The lay fee people rayles

And all they lay
In you prelates, and say
ye doo them wrong and no right
To put them thus to flight
No Matyns at midnight
Booke and chalis gone quite
Pluck away the leades
Ouer theyr heads
And sell away their belles
And all that they haue elles
Thus the people telles
Rayles lyke rebelles
Rede shrewdly and spelles
And with foundacions melles
And talke lyke cytyuelles
How ye breake the deades willes
turne monasteris ĩ to water millz
Of an Abbay thei make a graũge
Your workes they say ar straũge
So that theyr founders soules
Haue lost theyr bead roules

The mony for theyr malles
Spent among wanton lasses
The diriges are forgotten
Their founders lie there rotten
But where theyr soules dwell
Therwith I wyll not mell
What could the turke doo more
With all his false lore
Turke, Sarazyn or Jew
I reporte me to you

O mercyful Jesu
You supporte and relcu
My style for to dyrecte
It may take some effecte
For I abhore to write
How the lay fee dispite
you prelates that of right
Should be lanternes of light
ye lyue they say in delyte
Drowned in deliciis
In gloria et diuiciis
Into admirabile honore

In gloria et splendore
Fulgurantes haste
Viuentes parum caste
yet sweet meat hath soure sauce
For after gloria laus
Christ by crueltie
Was nayled vpon a tree
He payed a bitter pencion
For mans redempcion
He dranke eysell and gall
To redeme vs with all
But sweet Ipocras ye drynke
With let the Cat winke
Iche wot what vche other thynke
How be it per assimule
Some men thinke that yee
Shall haue penalitee
For your iniquitie
Nota What I say
And beare it well away
If it please not theologys
It is good for astrologys
For Ptolome tolde mee

The

The sunne somtyme to bee
In Ariete
Ascendent a degree
Whan Scorpion descendyng
Was so then pretending
All fatall for one
That shall sit on a trone
And rule al thinges alone
Your teeth whet on this bone
Amongest you euerychone
And let Collyn Clout haue none
Maner of cause to mone
Lay salue to your owne sore
For els, as I sayd before
After gloria laus
May come a soure sauce
Sory therfore am I
But trouth can neuer lye

✠ With language thus poluted
Holy churche is bruted
And shamfully confuted
My penne now will I sharpe

And

And wrest vp my harpe
With sharpe twinking trebelles
Agaynst al suche rebelles
That labour to confound
And bring the church to ỹ ground
As ye may dayly see
How the lay fee
Of one affinitee
Consent and agree
Agaynst the church to bee
And the dignitee
Of the bysshoppes fee
And eyther yee be to bad
Or els they are mad
Of this to reporte
But vnder your supporte
Tyll my dying day
I shall bothe write and say
And ye shal doo the same
How they are to blame
You thus to diffame
For it maketh me sad
How that the people are glad

The

The churche to depraue
And some there are that raue
Presumyng on their owne wyt
Whan there is neuer a whit
To maynteyne argumentes
Agaynst the sacramentes

Some make eppylogacion
Of hyghe predestynacion
And of residenacion
They make interpretacion
Of an aquarde facion
And of the prescience
Of diuine essence
And what Jpostacis
Of christes manhood is
Suche logike men will chop
And in their fury hop
When the good ale sop
Dothe daunce in their foze top
Bothe women and men
Suche ye may wel know and ken
That agaynst preesthode

Theyr malice spred abrode
Raylyng haynously
And dysdaynously
Of prieslly dignities
But theyr malygnities

And some have a smacke
Of Luthers sacke
And a brennyng sparke
Of Luthers warke
And are somwhat suspecte
In Luthers secte
And some of them barke
Clatter and carpe
Of that hereby arte
Called wycleuista
The deuelysshe dogmatista
And some be hussyans
And some be arrians
And some be pollegians
And make muche varians
Bytwene the clergy
And the temporalty

How

How ỹ church hath to myckel
And they haue to litel
And bring in materialities
And qualified qualities
Of pluralities
Of tryalities
And of tot quottes
They commune like lottes
As cometh to their lottes
Of prebendaries and deanes
How some of them gleanes
And gathereth vp the store
For to catch more and more
Of persons and vicaries
They make many out cryes
They cannot keep theyr wiues
From them for theyr liues
And thus the loselles striues
And lewdly sayes by christe
Agaynst the sely priest
Alas and wel a way
What ayles them thus to say
They mought be better aduysed
Then

Then to be so disgysed
But they haue enterprised
And shamfully surmysed
How prelacy is solde and bought
And come vp of nought
and where the prelates bee
Come of low degree
And set in maiestee
And spirituall dignitee
Farwel benignitee
Farwel simplicitie
Farwel humilitie
Farwel good charitie

Yee ar so pufft with pride
That no man may abyde
your hygh and lordly lookes
ye cast vp then your bookes
And vertue is forgotten
For then yee wyll be wroken
Of euery light quarel
And call a lorde a iauel
A knight a knaue to make

Yee boste, yee face, yee crake
And vpon you take
To rule king and kayser
And yf ye may haue layser
yee will bring all to nought
And that is all your thought
For the lordes temporall
Theyr rule is very small
Almost nothyng at all
Men say how ye appall
The noble bloud royall
In cruelt and in game
yee are the lesse to blame
For lordes of noble bloud
If they well vnderstoud
How cõning might them auaũce
They wolde pipe you another daũ (ce
But noble men borne
To learne they haue scorne
But hunt and blow an horne
Leap ouerlakes and dikes
Set nothing by polytikes
Therfore ye keep them bace.

And

And mocke them to theyr face
Thys is a pitious case
To you that ouer the Wheele
Lordes must couche and kneele
And breake theyr hose at the knee
As dayly men may see
And to remembraunce call
Fortune so turneth the ball
And ruleth so ouer all
That honour hath a great fall
Shall I tell you more, ye shall
I am lothe to tell all
But the communaltie ye call
Idolles of Babylon
De terra zabulon
De terra Neptalym
For you loue to go trim
Brought vp of poore estate
With pride inordinate
Sodaynly vpstarte
From the donge carte
The Mattockes and the shule
To reygne and to rule

And

And haue no grace to thinke
How they were wonte to drynke
Of a lether botell
With a knauysshe stoppell
Whā mamockes was your meat
With moulde bread to eat
Ye wolde none other geat
To chew and to gnaw
To kill therwith your maw
Lodged in the straw
Couching your drouly headdes
Somtime in lousy beddes
Alas this is out of minde
Ye grow now out of kynde
Many one haue but wynde
And make the commons blynde
But qui se existimat stare
Let him well beware
Lest that his foote slyp
And haue suche a trip
And falle in suche decay
That al the worlde might say
Come downe on the deuyll way

yet

✠ yet ouer all that
Of bysshops they chat
That though ye round your hear
An ynche aboue your ear
And aures patentes
And parum intendentes
And your counsers betrapped
your eares they be stopped
For maister adulator
And doctour assentator
And blandior blandiris
With mentior mentiris
That ye cannot espye
They folow your desyres
And so they biere your eye
How the male dothe wryte

Alas for goddes wyl
Why syt ye prelates styll
And suffre all this yll
ye bysshops of estates
Shuld open the brode gates
For your spirituall charge

And confort at large
Lyke lanternes of lyght
In the peoples lyght
In pulpettes attentyke
For the wele publyke
Of preesthod in this cale
And alwayes to chale
Suche maner of lyfmatykes
And halfe heretikes
That Wolde intoxicate
That wolde conquinate
That wolde contemminate
And that wolde violate
And that wolde derogate
And that wolde abrogate
The churche hygh eftates
After this maner rates
The Whiche fhould bee
Both franke and free
And haue their lybertie
And of antiquitie
It was ratefyed
And alfo gratefyed

By

By holy synodalles
And bulles papalles
As it is res certa
Conteyned in magna Carta.

☞ But maister Damyan
Or some other man
That clerkely is, and can
Well scripture expounde
And textes grounde
His benefice worth ten pounde
Or skant worthe twenty marke
And yet a noble clerke
He must doo this werke
As I know a parte
Some maysters of arte
Some doctours of law
Some learned in other saw
As in diuinitie
That hath no dignitie
But the pooze degree
Of the vnyuersitie
Or els Frere Frederycke

Or

Or els frere Dominike
Or frere Hugulinus
Or frere Agustinus
Or frere Carmelus
That gostly can heale vs
Or els yf we may
Get a frere gray
Or els of the order
Upon Grecnewiche border
Called obseruaunce
And a frere of Fraunce
Or els the poore scot
It must come to his lot
To shoote forth his shot
Or of Babuell beside Bery
To postell vpon a kyry
That Wolde it should be noted
How scripture should be coted
And so clerkly promoted
And yet the frere doted
When say

But your actoritie

And

And your noble fee
And your dignitie
Should be inuited better
Then all the freres letter
For yf ye Wolde take payne
To preache a worde or twayne
Though it were neuer so playne
With clauses two or three
So as they might bee
Compendyously conueyed
These Wordes should be more weid
And better perceyued
And thankfully receyued
And better shoulde remayne
Amonge the people playne
That Wolde your wordes retaine
And reherse them agayne
Thã a thousand thousand other
That blaber, barke and blother
And make a Walshmans hose
Of the texte and of the glose

¶ For protestatyon made

That I wyll not wade
Farther in this brooke
Nor farther for to looke
In deuysyng of this booke
But answer that I may
For my selfe alway
Eyther analogice
Or els cathagorice
So that in diuinitee
Doctors that learned bee
Nor bacheliers of that facultie
That hath taken degree
In the vniuersitie
Shal not be obiected for mee

But doctour bullatus
Parum litteratus
Dominus doctoratus
At the brode gatus
Doctour daupatus
And bacheler bacheleratus
Dronken as a mouse
At the ale house

Taketh

Taketh his pyllion and his cap
At the good ale tap
For lacke of good wine
As wyse as Robyn swine
Under a notaryes sygne
Was made a diuine
As wyse as waltons calfe
Must preache a goddes halfe
In the pulpyt solempnely
Wore meet in a pyllory
For by saynt Hyllary
He can nothing smatter
Of logike nor scole matter
Neyther sylogysare
Nor of emptimeniare
Nor knowreth his eloquence
Nor his predicamence

And yet he wyll melle
To amend the gospell
And wyll preche and tell
what they doo in hell
And he dare not well neuen

What

What they doo in heauen
Nor how far temple bare is
From the seuen sterres

Now wyll I go
And tell of other mo
Semper protestando
De non impugnando
The foure ordores of Freers
Though some of them be lyers
As lympters at large
Will charge and discharge
As many a frere god wote
Preches for his grote
Flatteryng for a new cote
And for to haue his fees
Some to gather cheese
Lothe they are to leese
Eyther Corne or Malt
Somtyme meale and Salt
Somtyme a bacon flycke
That is three fyngers thicke
Of larde and of greace

Their

Theyr couent to encrace

I put you out of doubt
This cannot be brought about
But they theyr tounges fyle
And make a pleasant style
To Margery and to Maude
How they haue no fraude
And somtyme they prouoke
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at noke
Their dewtyes to withdraw
That they ought by the law
Their curates to content
In open tyme and in lent
Got wot they take great payne
To flatter and to fayne
But is and olde sayd saw
That need hath no law
Some walke aboute in melottes
In gray russet and hery cotes
Some will neyther golde ne grotz
Some plucke aytrych in remotz
And by the barres yf her tayle

Wil

wyll know a Rauen feom a rayle
A quayle, ẏ raile & the olde rauen
Sed libera nos a malo Amen
And by dudum their clementine
Agaynst curates repine
And say ꝓpreli they ar sacerdotes
To shryue, assoyle and reles
Dame margeries foule out of hell
But when ẏ frere fell in the well
he could not sing him self therout
But by ẏ helpe of christian clout

Another clementine also
How frere Fabion, with other mo
Exiuit de paradiso
Whā they agayn thether shal com
De hoc petimus consilium
And through all ẏ world they go
With Dirige and placebo

But now my minde ye vnderstād
For they must take in hand
To preche and withstand

All maner of abiections
For byſſhops haue protections
They ſay to doo corrections
But they haue no affections
To take the ſayd dyrections
In ſuche maner of caſes
Men ſay they bere no faces
To occupy ſuche places
To ſow the ſede of graces
Theyr hertes are ſo faynted
And they be ſo attaynted
With coueytous and ambicion
And other ſuperſticion
That they be deaf and dum
And play ſcylens and glum
Can ſay nothing but mum

They occupy them ſo
With ſyngyng placebo
They Wyll no farther go
They had leuer to pleaſe
And take their worldly eaſe
Than to take on hand

Wor-

Worshyp to withstande

Suche temporall ware & bate
As now is made of late
Agaynst holy churche estate
Or to maynteyne good quarelles
The lay men call them barelles
Full of glotony
And of hypocrysy
That counterfaytes and paynteſ
As they were very ſayntes
In matters that them lyke
They ſhew them politike

Pretending grauitie
And ſygnyorytie
With all ſolempnitie
For their indempnitie
For they wil haue no leſſe
Of a peny, nor of a croſſe
Of theyr predyall landes
That cometh to theyr handes
And as farre as they dare ſet

All is fillhe that cometh to the net
Buyldyng royally
Theyr maneyons curiously
With turrettes and With toures
With halles and With boures
Stretchyng to the starres
With glasse windoWes & barres
Hangyng about the walles
Clothes of golde and palles
Arras of riche aray
Frellhe as flours in May
With dame Dyana naked
How lusty Uenus quaked
And how Cupyde shaked
His darte and bent his bowe
For to shote a crowe
At her tyrly tyrlowe
And how Parys of Troy
Daunced a lege de moy
Made lusty sporte and ioy
With dame Helyn the queene
With such stories by deen
Their chambres well be seen

Wyth

With triumphes of Cesar
And of his Pompeius war
Of renowne and of fame
By them to get a name

☞ Howall the Worlde stares
How they ryde in goodly chares
Conueyed by Olyphantes
With laurvat garlantes
And by vnycornes
With their semely hornes
Upon these beastes rydyng
Naked boyes strydyng
With wanton wenches winkyng
Now truly to my thinkyng
That is a speculacyon
And a mete meditacion
For prelates of estate
Their courage to abate
From Worldly Wantonnesse
Their chambre thus todresse
With suche parfetnesse
And all such holynesse

how

How be it they let downe fall
Their churches cathedrall

✠ Squyre knight and lorde
Thus the churche remorde
With all temporall people
They runne agaynst the steeple
Thus talkyng and tellyng
How some of you are mellyng
Yet softe and fayre for swellyng
Be ware of a queenes yellyng
It is a bely thyng
For one man to rule a king
Alone and make rekenyng
To gouerne ouer all
And rule a realme royall
By one mannes wyt
Fortune may chaunce to flit
And whan he weneth to syt
Yet may he mysse the quishon
For I rede a preposicion
Sum regibus amicare
Et omnibus dominare

Et

Et ſuprate prauare
Wherfore he hath good vre
That can himſelf aſſure
How fortune will endure
Than let reaſon you ſuppoſte
For the communalte
That they haue great wonder
That we keep them ſo vnder
yet they meruayle ſo muche leſſe
For ye play ſo at the cheſſe
As they ſuppoſe and geſſe
That ſome of you but late
Hath played ſo checkemate
With Lordes of great eſtate
After ſuche a rate
That they ſhall mell nor make
Nor vpon them take
For king nor kayſer ſake
But at the pleaſur of one
That ruleth the reſt alone

Helas, I ſay helas
How may this come to paſſe

That

That a man ſhall heare a maſſe
And not ſo hardy on his head
to loke on god in forme of bread
But that the parſſhe clerke
There vpon muſt herke
And graunt hym at his aſkyng
For to ſee the ſacryng

And how may this accorde
No man to our ſouerayne lorde
So hardy to make ſute
Nor to execute
His commaundement
Without the aſſent
Of our preſydent
Nor to expreſſe to his perſon
Without your conſentacion
Graunt him his licence
To preace to his preſence
Nor to ſpeake to him ſecretly
Openly nor preuyly
Without his preſydent be by
Or els his ſubſtytute

Whom he Wyll depute
Neyther erle ne duke
Permitted by ſaynt Luke
And by ſweet ſaynt Marke
This is a wonderus warke
That the people talke this
Some what there is amyſſe
ỳ deuil cannot ſtop their mouthes
But thei wil talke of ſuch vncou (thes
All that euer they ken
Agaynſt all ſpirituall men

Whether it be Wrong or righ
Or els for diſpyght
Or how euer it hap
Theyr tounges thus doo clap
And through ſuche detraction
They put you to your action
And whether they ſay trewly
As they may abyde therby
Or els that they do lye
Ye know better than I
But now, debatis ſcite

And

And groundly audire
In your conuenire
Of this premenire
Or els in the myre
They say they wyll you cast
Therfore stande sure and fast

Stande sure & take god footing
And let be all your mootyng
Your galyng and your toting
And your parcyall promootyng
Of those that stande in your grace
But olde seruauntes ye chase
And put them out of theyr place
Make ye no murmuracyon
Though I write after this facion
Though I Colyn Clout
Among the whole route
Of you that clerkes bee
Take vpon mee
Thus coppously to wryte
I doo it not for no despyte
Wherfore take no dysdayne

At my ſtyle rude and playne
For I rebuke no man
That vertuous is, why than
Wreke ye your anger on mee
For thoſe that vertuous bee
Haue no cauſe to ſay
That I ſpeake out of the way

Of no good byſſhop ſpeake I
Nor good preeſt I eſcry
Good Frere, nor good chanon
Good nonne, nor god canon
Good monke, nor good clerke
Nor of no good werke
But my recountyng is
Of them that doo amis
In ſpeakyng and rebellyng
In hyndering and dyſcauaylyng
Holy churche our mother
One agaynſt another
To vſe ſuche deſpyſing
Is all my Whole Writing
To hynder no man

As nere as I can
For no man haue I named
Wherfore should I be blamed
Ye ought to be ashamed
Agaynst me to be greued
And cannot tell no cause why
But that I write truly

Then yf any there bee
Of hygh or low degree
Of the spiritualtie
Or of the temporaltie
That do the thynke or weene
That his conscience be not cleene
And feleth him selfe sicke
Or touched on the quicke
Suche grace god them sende
Them selfe to amende
For I wyll not pretende
Any man to offende

Wherfore as thynketh mee
Great ydeottes they bee

And lytle grace they haue
This treatyse to depraue
Nor wyll heare no preching
Nor no vertuous teaching
Nor wyll haue no relytyng
Of any vertuous writing
Wyll know none intellygence
To reformme their neglygence
But lyue styll out of facyon
To their owne dampnacyon
To do shame, they haue no shame
But they wolde no mā should thē
They haue an euyl name (blame
But yet they wyll occupy ẏ same

With them the worde of god
Is counted for no rod
They counte it for a raylyng
That nothing is auayling
The prechers with euyll hayling
Shall they daunt vs prelates
That be theyr primates:
Not so hardy on theyr pates

Herke

Herke how the losell prates
With a wyde wesaunt
Auaunt syr Guy of gaunt
Auaunt lewde preest auaunt
Auaunt syr doctour deuyas
Prate of thy mattens & thy masse
And let our matter passe
How darest thou daucocke mell:
How darest thou losell
Allygate the Gospell
Agaynst vs of the counsell:
Auaunt to the deuyll of hell

¶ Take him wardeyne of ỹ Fleet
Set him fast by the feet
Slay lyuetenant of the Toure
Make this lurdeyn kor to loure
Lodge him in litle ease
Feed him with Beanes & Pease
The kinges benche or marshalsy
Haue him thether by and by
The villayne precheth openly
And declareth our villany

And

And of our free symplenesse
He sayes that we are recheleſſe
And full of wylfulnesse
Shameles, and mercyleſſe
Incorrigible and inſaciate
And after this rate
Agaynſt vs dothe prate

At Paules crosse or els where
Openly at Weſtminſtere
And saynt Mary ſpittel
They ſet not by vs a Whyſtel
At the auſten fryers
They count vs for lyers

And at saynt Thomas of akers
They carpe vs lyke crakers
How We wyll rule all at Wyll
Without good reason or ſkyl
And say how that We bee
Full of parcialitie
And how at a pronge
We turne right into wronge

Delay

Delay cauſes ſo longe
That right noman can longe
They ſay mani matters be borne
By the right of a rambes horne
Is not this a ſhamful ſcorne:
To be teared thus and torne

Howe may we thus indure
Wherfore we make you ſure
Ye prechers ſhalbe yawde
Some ſhalbe ſawde
As noble Ezechyas
The holy prophet Was
And ſome of you ſhall dye
Lyke holy Jeremy
Some hanged ſome ſlayne
Some beaten to the brayne
And we wyll rule and rayne
And our matters mayntayne
Who dare ſay there agayne
Or who dare dyſdayne
At your pleaſure and wyl
For be it good or be it yll

As

As it is, it shall be styll
For all master doctour of ciuill
Or of diuine, or doctour dyrupyll
Let him cough, rough, or sneupyll
Renne god renne deuyll
Renne who may renne best
And let take all the rest
We set not a nut shell
The way to heauen or to hel

Lo, this is ỹ gise now a daies
It is to drede men sayes
Lest they be seducyes
As they be sayd sayne
Which determine playne
We should not rise agayne
At dredfull domes day
And so it semeth they play
Whiche hate to be corrected
Whan they be infected
Nor wil suffre this booke
By hooke ne by crooke
Printed for to bee

For

For that no man ſhould ſee
Nor rede in any ſcrolles
Of their drunken nolles
Nor of their noddy polles
Nor of theyr ſely ſoules
Nor of ſome wyſes pates
Of diuers great eſtates
As well as other men
Now to withdraw my pen
And now a whyle to reſt
Me ſemeth it for the beſt

The fore caſtell of my ſhyp
Shall glide and ſmothely ſlyp
Out of the wawes wood
Of the ſtormy floud
Shote anker and lye at rode
And ſayle not farre a brode
Tyll the coſte be clere
That the lode ſtarre appere
My ſhyp now wyll I pere
Towarde the porte ſalu
Of our ſauyour Jeſu

Suche

Suche grace that he vs send
To rectyfie and amende
Thinges that are amys
Whan that his pleasure is

Amen.

In opere imperfecto
In opere semper perfecto
Et in opere plusquam perfecto.

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